

# A TREASURE OF POEMS

BOOK IV



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## **PREFACE**

Children possess a fertile imagination. They are more receptive when they are young. Good poetry instils a sense of aesthetic beauty into the young minds. It provides both p'easeure and profit. Poetry trains the emotions of the young pupils. Light verse carries greater appeal as it is easily intelligible and creates greater interest and pleasure. Therefore students should develop a taste for poetry from the early stages of learning.

This series of Poems has been carefully designed so as to provide both pleasure and create interest in Poetry. Vocabulary in these poems conforms to the standard for which they are meant.

In order to instil moral and patriotic sense amongst the students, we have incorporated into this anthology, a few poems with Indian background.

The books are profusely illustrated to make them interesting and help the students in learning.

We are sure the teachers will welcome this series. Suggestions for improvement will be gratefully received.

*Editors*

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# 1. DO YOUR BEST



**Do your best, your very best,  
And do it everyday;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.**

**Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best, your very best;  
That is the golden rule.**

**For he who always does his best,  
His best will ever grow;  
But he who shirks or slights his tasks;  
Will ever bitter grow.**



**What if your lessons should be hard ?  
Do not give way to sorrow;  
For he who bravely works today,  
His task grows light tomorrow.**

## 2. KNOWLEDGE



He who knows and knows he knows,  
He is a wise man : seek him.

He who knows and knows not he knows,  
He is asleep : wake him.

He who knows not and knows he knows  
not,

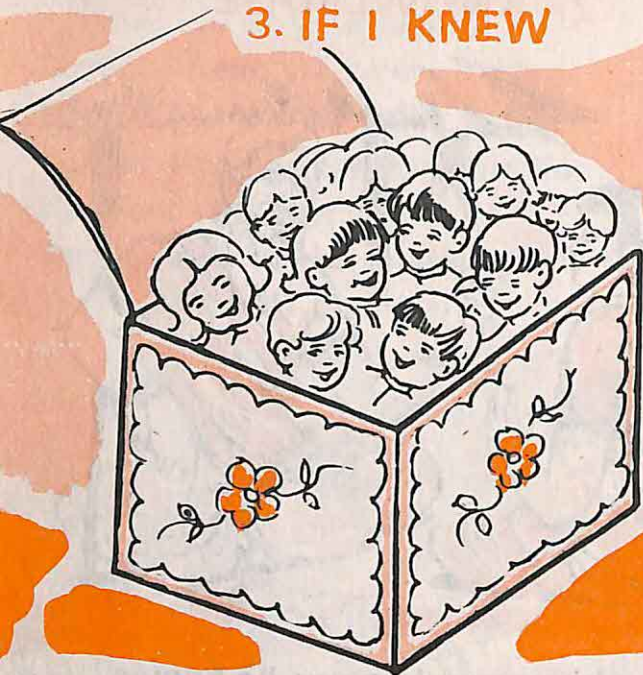
He is a child : teach him.

He who knows not and knows not he  
knows not,

He is a fool: shun him.



### 3. IF I KNEW



If I knew the box where the smiles were  
kept

No matter how large the key  
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,

T'would open, I know, for me;  
Then over the land and sea broadcast

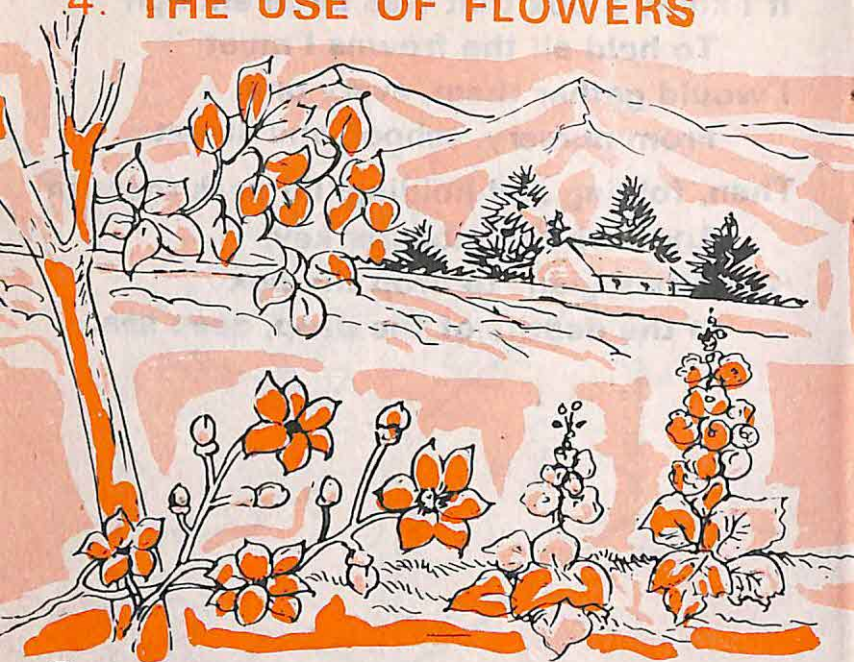
I'd scatter the smiles to play,  
That the children's faces might hold them

fast

For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough  
To hold all the frowns I meet,  
I would gather them, every one,  
From nursery, school, and street;  
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in  
And turn the monster key,  
And hire a giant to drop the box  
In the depths of the deep, deep sea.

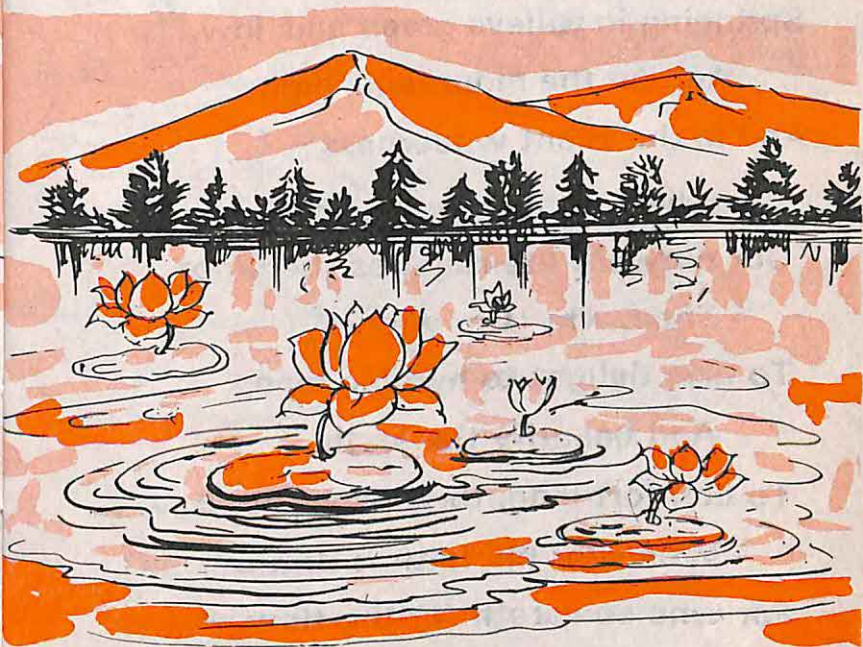
#### 4. THE USE OF FLOWERS



God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough-enough  
For every want of ours-  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.



The ore within the mountain mine  
Requireth none to grow,  
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower  
To make the river flow.  
The clouds might give abundant rain,



The nightly dew might fall,  
And the herb that keepeth life in man  
Might yet have drunk it all.

Then why ? Oh, why ? were they  
made,

All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,

Upspringing day and night;-  
Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,

And in the silent wilderness

where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not ;

Then, why? Oh, why ?

To give delight to humble man,

And beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope

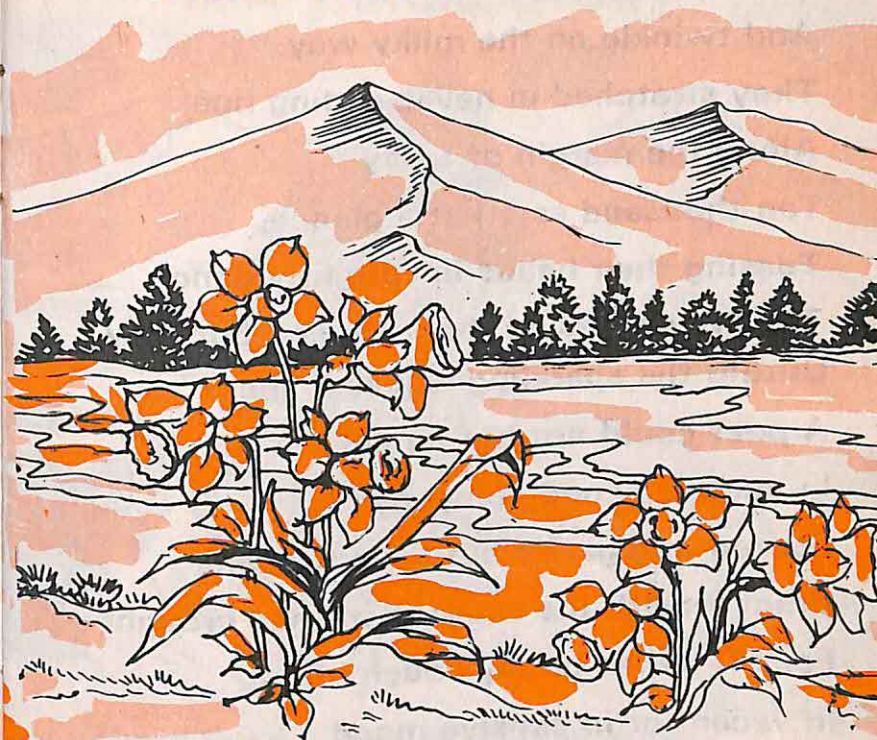
Whene'er his faith is dim ;

For who so careth for the flowers

Will much more care for Him.

*Mary Howitt*

## 5. THE DAFFODILS



I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden the daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.



Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance  
The waves beside them dance ; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company :  
I gazed-and gazed-but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought :  
For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

*William Wordsworth*

## 6. A TRAGIC STORY



There lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore,  
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,  
Because it hung behind him.  
He mused upon this curious case.  
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place  
And have it hanging at his face,

Not dangling there behind him.  
Says he, 'The mystery I've found,-  
I'll turn me round, '-he turned him round ;  
But still it hung behind him.  
Then round and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;  
In vain-it mattered not a pin-

The pigtail hung behind him.  
And right and left, and round about,  
And up and down and in and out  
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.  
And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas still faithful to his back,  
The pigtail hangs behind him.

*W. M. Thackeray*



## 7. NEW SHOES



I'm walking on the pavement with my head  
held high

And my knees held stiff

And my shoes kept dry,

For the streets are awf'ly muddy when the  
cars splash by,

So I'm walking on the pavement with my  
head held high

**There's a manly sort of whistle and it  
comes from me,**

**And the people think**

**I'm a man, you see;**

**And I stump along the pavement just as  
steady as can be,**

**There's a manly sort of whistle and it  
comes from me.**

**There's a lovely sort of banging when my  
feet go down**

**And my nice new shoes**

**Are a pair nice bright brown,**

**And the pavements kind of echo when I  
walk in town,**

**There's a lovely sort of banging when my  
feet go down.**

*Caryl Brahons*

## 8. THE PLAIN OF THE CAMEL



Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed,

Parrots have crackers to crunch ;

And as for the poodles, they tell me the  
noodles

Have chicken and cream for their  
lunch.



**But there's never a question  
About my digestion-  
ANYTHING does for me.**

**Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,  
Chickens can roost upon rails ;  
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,  
And oysters can slumber in pails.**



**But no one supposes  
A poor Camel dozes-  
ANY PLACE does for me.**

**Lambs are enclosed where it's never  
exposed,  
Coops are constructed for hens ;**

Kittens are treated to houses well heated,  
And pigs are protected by pens.  
But a Camel comes handy  
Wherever it's sandy-

ANYWHERE does for me.  
People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,  
Or mounted the back of an ox ;  
It's nobody's habit to ride on a rabbit,  
Or try to bestraddle a fox.

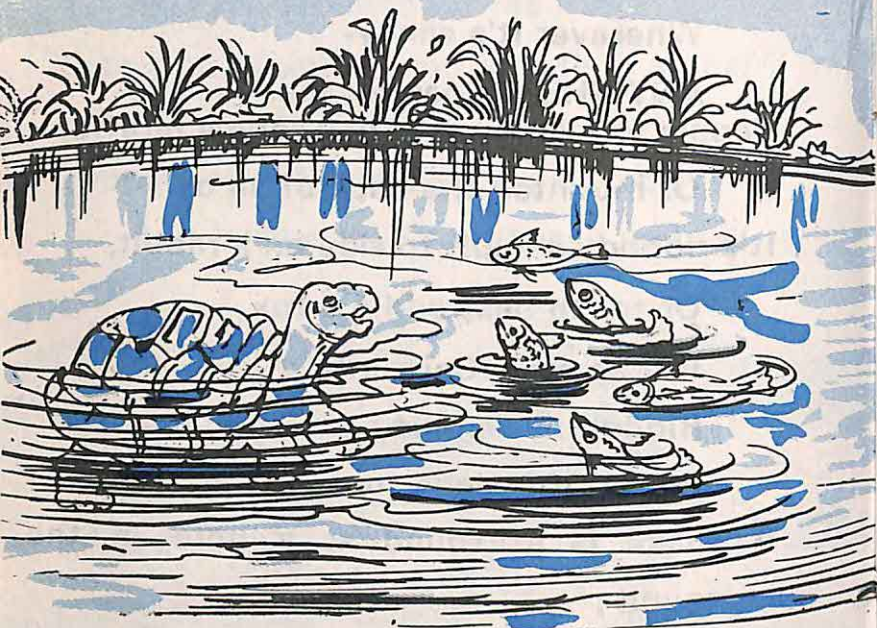
But as for a Camel he's  
Ridden by families-  
ANY LOAD does for me.  
A snake is as round as a hole in the  
ground ;

Weasels are wavy and sleek ;  
And no alligator could ever be straighter  
Than lizards that live in a creek.  
But a Camel's all lumpy,  
And bumpy, and humpy-  
ANY SHAPE does for me.

C. E. Garryl

## 9. TONY THE TURTLE

(From Longmans : The Journey Begins)



Tony was a Turtle,  
Very much at ease,  
Swimming in the sunshine  
Through the summer seas,  
And feeding on the fishes  
Irrespective of their wishes,  
With a "By your leave" and "Thank you"  
And a gentlemanly squeeze.



**Tony was a Turtle  
Who loved a civil phrase;  
Anxious and obliging,  
Sensitive to praise.**

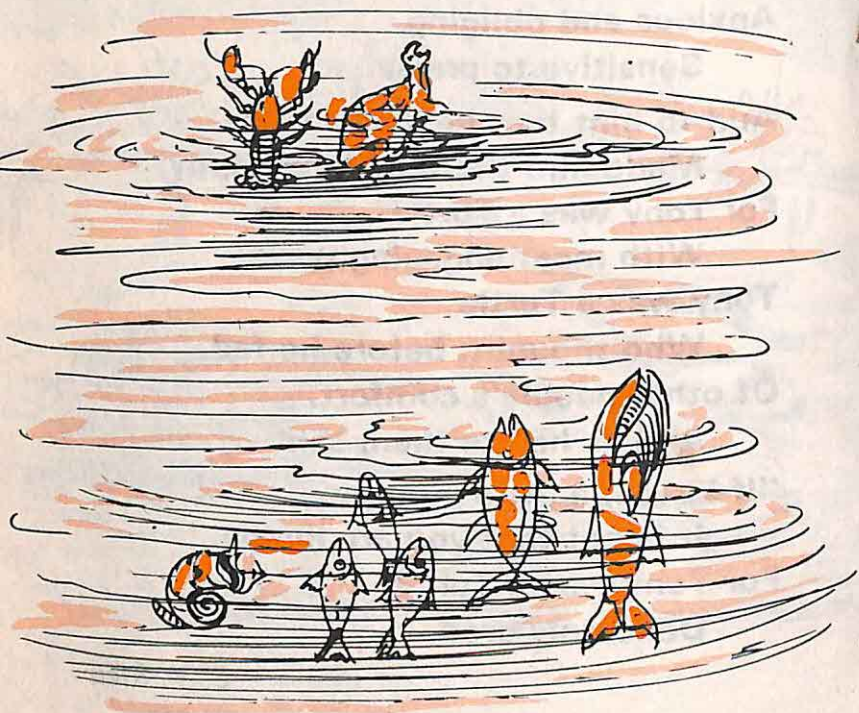
**And to hint that he was snappy  
Made him thoroughly unhappy;  
For Tony was a Turtle  
With most engaging ways.**

**Tony was a Turtle  
Who thought, before he fed,  
Of other people's comfort,  
And as he ate them said:**

**"If I seem a little grumpy,  
It is not that you are lumpy."  
For Tony was a Turtle  
Delicately bred.**

**E. V. Rieu**

## 10. THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE



'Will you walk a little faster ?' said a  
whiting to a snail,

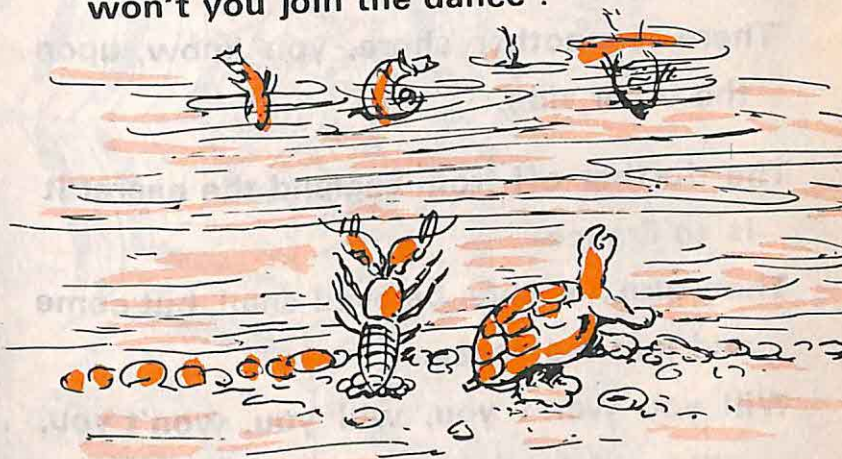
'There's a tortoise close behind us, and  
he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the  
turtles all advance

They are waiting on the shingle-will you  
come and join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
will you join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
won't you join the dance ?



You can really have no notion how delight-  
ful it will be,

When they take us up and throw us, with  
the lobsters, out to sea !'

But the snail replied, 'Too far, too far, and  
gave a look of askance.



Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he  
would not join the dance,

Would not, could not, would not, could  
not, would not join the dance.

'What matters it how far we go' his scaly  
friend replied.

'There is another shore, you know, upon  
the other side.

The further off from England the nearer it  
is to France-

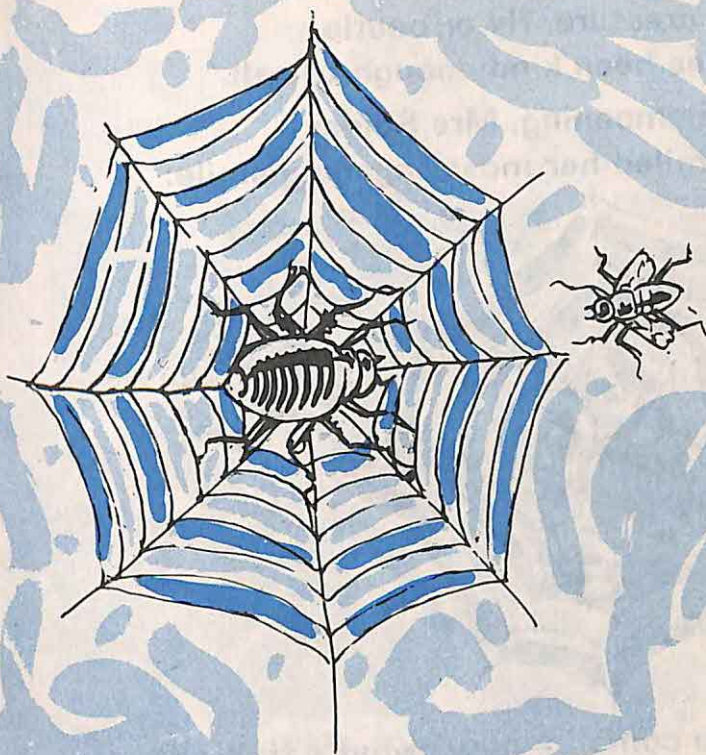
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come  
and join the dance.

Will you won't you, will you, won't you,  
will you join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,  
won't you join the dance ?'

*Lewis Carroll*

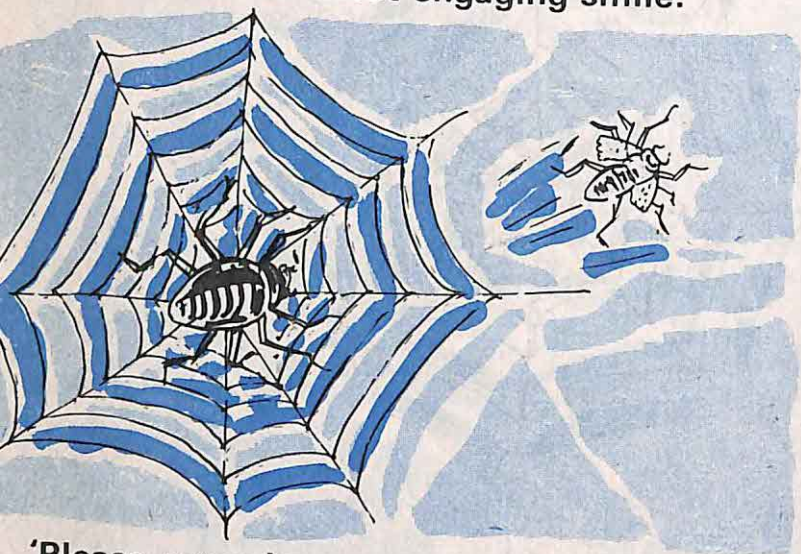
## 11. MRS. SPIDER'S PARLOUR



'Will you walk into my parlour ?  
Do be friendly, Mr Fly;  
It is odd that all my neighbours  
Should be so extremely shy.

Since I settled in this rose-bush,  
Quite protected by the wall,  
Not a creature, fly or beetle,  
Has been kind enough to call.'

Thus bemoaning, Mrs Spider  
Smiled her most engaging smile:



'Please come in; now, what's to hinder ?  
Rest your weary wings a while.'

'Thank you, Ma'am, but pray excuse me;'

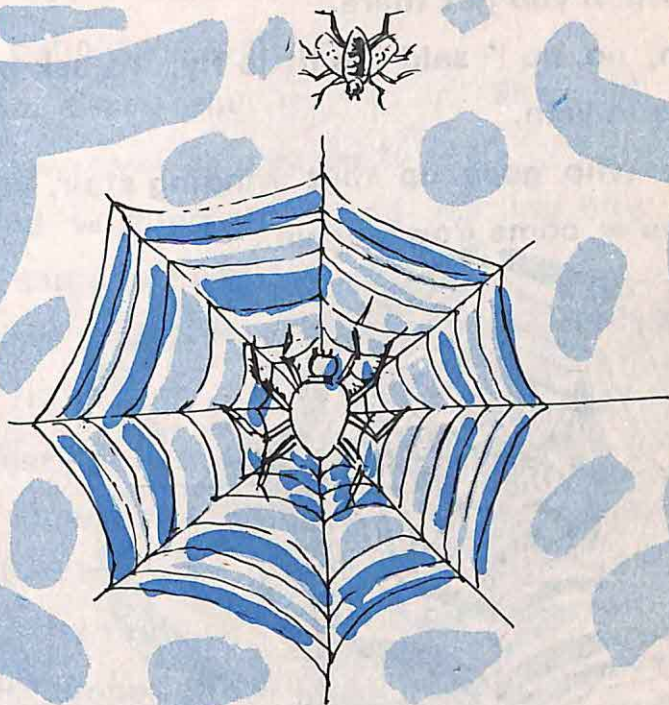
—Mr Fly just turned and fled—

'There are rumours that your parlour  
Is a *dining room*,' he said.

Sheila Braine



## 12. THE SPIDER AND THE FLY



'Will you walk into my parlour?' said a spider to a fly ;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,

And I have many pretty things to show you  
when you get there.

'Oh, no, no !' said the little fly, 'To ask me  
is in vain,

For who goes up that winding stair, will  
ne'er come down again.,



'Sweet creature,' said the spider, 'you are  
witty and you're wise,

How handsome are your gaudy wings, how  
brilliant are your eyes.

I have a little looking-glass upon my  
parlour shelf-

If you'll step up one moment, you shall  
behold yourself.'

'Oh, thank you, gentle sir,' She said, 'for  
what you're pleased to say,

And wishing you good-morning now, I'll  
call another day.'

Alas, alas ! how very soon this silly little  
fly,

Hearing his wily flattering words, came  
slowly fluttering by

Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor  
silly thing ! At last,

Up jumped the cruel spider, and firmly held  
her fast !

He dragged her up his winding stair and in  
his dismal den,

Within his little parlour, but she ne'er  
came down again.

Mary Howitt



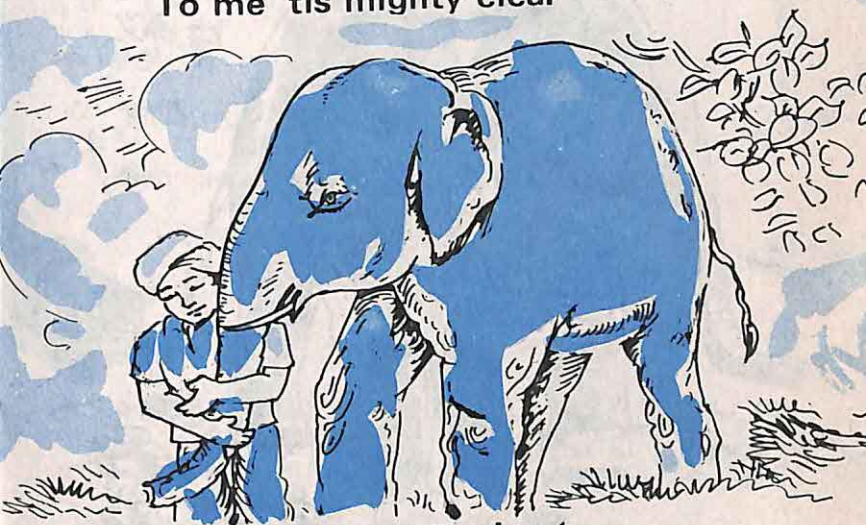
## 13. THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT



It was six men of Indoostan,  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind  
The first approached the Elephant,  
And, happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl :

**'God bless me ! but the Elephant  
Is very like a wall !'**

**The Second, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried : 'Ho ! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp ?  
To me 'tis mighty clear**



**This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear !'**

**The third approached the animal,  
And, happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Stood boldly up and spake :**

**'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant  
Is very like a snake'**

**The Fourth reached out his eager hand,**



**And felt about the knee !**

**'What most this wondrous beast is like**

**Is mighty plain,' quoth he ;**

**"Tis clear enough the Elephant**

**Is very like a tree.'**



The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said : 'E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most ;  
Deny the fact, who can ?  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan'  
The Sixth no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant  
Is very like a rope'  
And so these men of Indoostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong ;  
Though each was partly in the right  
And all were in the wrong !

J. G. Saxe

## 14. THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP



Augustus was a chubby lad ;  
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had :  
And everybody saw with joy  
The plump and hearty, healthy boy.

He ate and drank as he was told,  
And never let his soup get cold.  
But one day, one cold winter's day,  
He screamed out 'Take the soup away !



O take the nasty soup away !  
I won't have any soup today.'



Next day, now look, the picture shows  
How lank and lean Augustus grows !  
Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,  
The naughty fellow cries out still

'Not any soup for me, I say :

O take the nasty soup away !

I won't have any soup today.'

The third day comes : Oh what a sin !

To make himself so pale and thin.

Yet, when the soup is put on table,

He screams, as loud as he is able,

'Not any soup for me, I say :

O take the nasty soup away !

I WON'T have any soup today.'

Look at him, now the fourth day's come !

He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum :

He's like a little bit of thread,

And, on the fifth day, he was dead !

*Heinrich Hoffmann*

## 15. THE TEASE



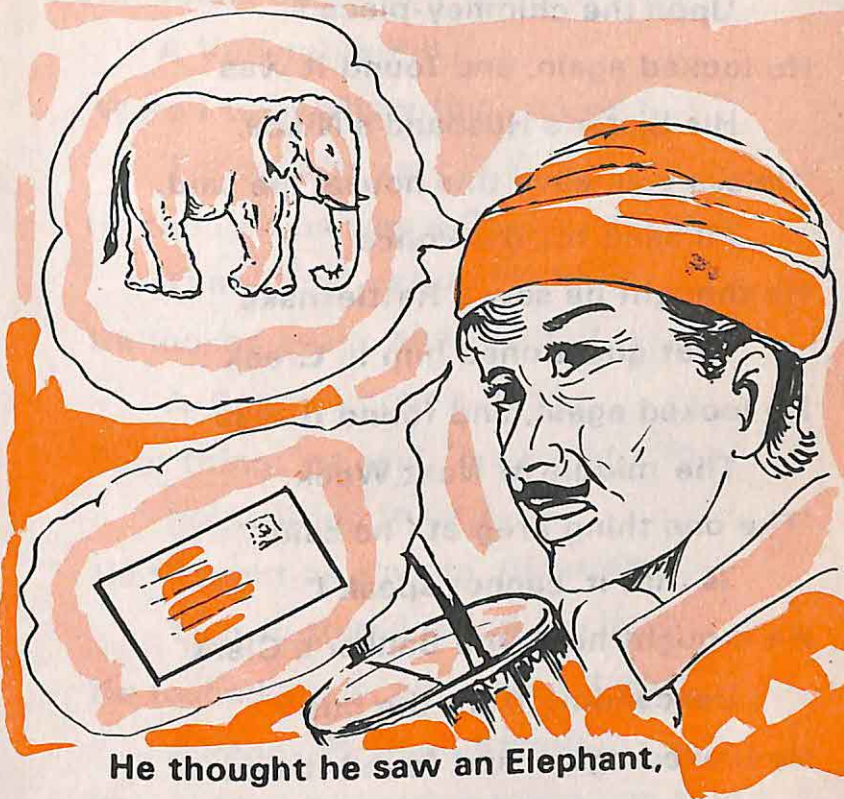
You're a nuisance, I declare ;  
You tease me so, it isn't fair ;  
You pounce on me from every where,  
And seize my hat, and clutch my hair,

And tie my clothes in knots, and tear  
The leaves and blossom from the pear ;  
I wish that I could set a snare  
To catch you-but I shouldn't dare,  
For, though you tease me, I declare,  
O Wind, if you were never there,  
I don't think I could manage, quite,  
To sail my boat or fly my kite,

*Lilian Holmes*



## 16. THE MAD GARDENER'S SONG



He thought he saw an Elephant,  
That practised on a life :  
He looked again and found it was  
A letter from his wife.  
'At length I realize,' He said,  
'The bitterness of Life !'

He thought he saw a Buffalo

Upon the chimney-piece :

He looked again, and found it was

His Sister's Husband's Niece,

'Unless you leave this house,' he said,

I'll send for the Police !'

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake

That questioned him in Greek :

He looked again, and found it was

The middle of Next Week,

'The one thing I regret,' he said,

'Is that it cannot speak !'

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk

Descending from the bus :

He looked again, and found it was

A Hippopotamus :

'If this should stay to dine,' he said,

'There won't be much for us !'

He thought he saw a Kangaroo

That worked a coffee-mill :  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Vegetable-Pill.

'Were I to swallow this,' he said,  
'I should be very ill !'

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four  
That stood beside his bed :

He looked again, and found it was  
A Bear without a Head.

Poor thing, 'he said, 'poor silly thing !  
It's waiting to be fed !'

He thought he saw an Albatross  
That fluttered round the lamp :

He looked again, and found it was  
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.

'You'd best be getting home,' he said :  
'The nights are very damp !'

He thought he saw a Garden-Door  
That opened with a key :



He looked again, and found it was

A Double Rule of Three :

'And all its mystery,' he said,

'Is clear as day to me !'

He thought he saw an Argument

That proved he was the Pope :

He looked again, and found it was

A Bar of Mottled Soap.

'A fact so dread,' he faintly said,

'Extinguished all hope !'

*Lewis Carroll*

## 17. MEDDLESOME MATTY



One ugly trick has often spoiled  
The sweetest and the best ;  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One ugly trick possessed.  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.  
Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,  
To peep at what was in it ;  
Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.

In vain you told her not to touch,  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.  
Her grandmamma went out one day,  
And by mistake she laid



Her spectacles and snuff-box gay  
Too near the little maid ;  
'Ah well ; thought she, 'I'll try them on,  
As soon as grandmamma is gone.  
Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide ;



And looking around, as I suppose,  
The snuff-box too she spied :  
'Oh, what a pretty box is this,  
I'll open it,' said little Miss.  
'I know that grandmamma would say,  
"Don't meddle with it, dear" ;  
But then she's far enough away,  
And no one else is near ;  
Besides, what can there be amiss  
In opening such a box as this ?'  
So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid,  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did ;  
For all at once, ah ! woeful ease,  
The snuff came puffing in her face.  
Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth and chin,  
A dismal sight presented ;  
And as the snuff got further in,  
Sincerely she repented.

In vain she ran about for ease,  
She could do nothing else but sneeze.  
She dashed the spectacles away,  
To wipe her tingling eyes,  
And as in twenty bits they lay,  
Her granmamma she spies.  
'Heyday ! and what's the matter now ?'  
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.  
Matilda, smarting with the pain,  
And tingling still, and sore,  
Made many a promise to refrain  
From meddling evermore ;  
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,  
She ever since has kept her word.

*Ann Taylor*

## 18. MONEY



When I had money, money, O !  
I knew no joy till I went poor ;  
For many a false man as a friend  
Came knocking all day at my door.  
Then felt I like a child that holds  
A trumpet that he must not blow  
Because a man is dead ;



**I dared**

**Not speak to let this false world know.**

**Much have I thought of life, and seen**

**How poor men's hearts are ever light ;**

**And how their wives do hum like bees**

**About their work from morn till night.**

**So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,**

**And see the rich ones coldly frown—**

**Poor men, think I, need not go up**

**So much as rich men should come  
down.**

**When I had money, money, O !**

**My many friends proved all untrue ;**

**But now I have no money, O !**

**My friends are real, though very few.**

**W. H. Davies**



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